

CAPTAIN GALLANT

No 4



Captain GALLANT

10¢

of the Foreign Legion

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

starring
BUSTER CRABBE
and his son
CUFFY





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

The AMAZING Legion



NOTHING IS KNOWN NOW OF LEGIONNAIRE MINARET EXCEPT HIS NAME AND WHAT HE DID ON DECEMBER 16, 1883 AT THE CITADEL OF SON-TAY AT HANOI. IT WAS HE WHO, IN THE FACE OF CONCENTRATED ENEMY FIRE, CLIMBED THE WALL AND SECURED THE LADDER UP WHICH HIS COMRADES SWARMED TO GAIN ANOTHER VICTORY FOR THE LEGION.

THE LEGION IS FAMOUS NOT ONLY FOR ITS GALLENTY IN COMBAT-- BUT ALSO FOR ITS AMAZING ACHIEVEMENTS IN BUILDING ROADS.



OFFICIAL RECORDS SHOW THAT 44,150 MEN SERVED IN THE LEGION DURING WORLD WAR I, AND THEY LISTED 100 DIFFERENT COUNTRIES AS THEIR POINTS OF ORIGIN.



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CAPTAIN GALLANT

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Alfred P. Fago

Executive Editor



Captain



IN

THE KIND STRANGER

GALLANT

of the Foreign Legion

THE RENEGADE ARABS IN THE HILLS WERE RUNNING WILD AGAIN -- THIS TIME WITH MODERN RIFLES AND PLENTY OF AMMUNITION! CAPTAIN GALLANT AND HIS LEGIONNAIRES TRIED EVERYTHING TO TRAP THEM BUT IT TOOK THE LEGION MASCOT, CUFFY, AND HIS FRIEND FUZZY TO STOP THE SMALL WAR...

ICE CREAM? YES, SIR-- I LOVE IT! BUT WHY DO YOU GIVE IT TO ME? I DON'T THINK CAPTAIN GALLANT WOULD WANT ME TO TAKE IT!

DON'T BE SILLY, CUFFY! I'M AN OLD FRIEND OF THE CAPTAIN'S! HERE, YOU'LL LOVE IT!



GEE, IT'S GOOD! WHERE DO YOU KNOW THE CAPTAIN FROM, MISTER?

HERE IN ALGIERS, WHERE IS HE NOW? OUT ON PATROL? IS HE GUARDING THE ROADS TO THE NORTH?

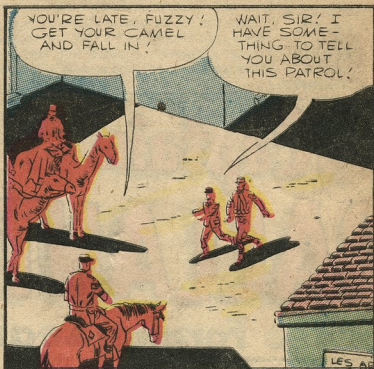
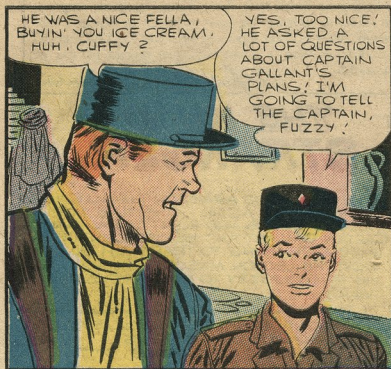
HURRY, BORG! THE SIMPLE LEGIONNAIRE APPROACHES!



COME ON, CUFFY! I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU! THE CAPTAIN WILL SKIN ME ALIVE IF I'M LATE FOR THAT PATROL!

DON'T GET IN TROUBLE ON MY ACCOUNT, CUFFY! WE'LL HAVE A NICE CHAT SOME OTHER TIME!

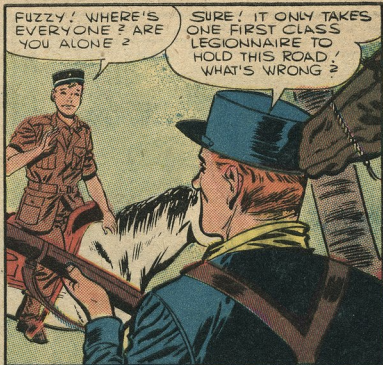
CAPTAIN GALLANT



THE POST SEEMED DESERTED WITH MOST OF THE MEN GONE! CUFFY THOUGHT A WHILE, THEN SADDLED BABA, HIS PONY...



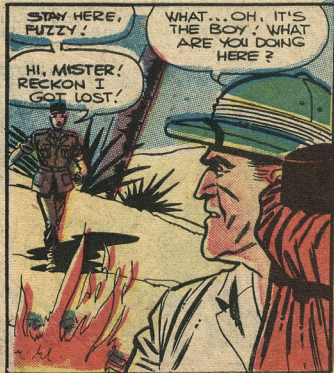
CAPTAIN GALLANT



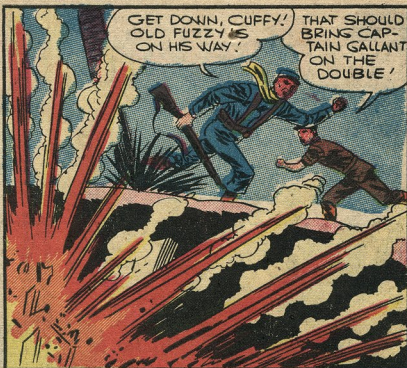
CAPTAIN GALLANT



CUFFY KNEW THAT ONCE THE GUN-RUNNER AND THE MOUNTAIN GUERILLAS SEPARATED, THE JOB OF CAPTURING THEM WOULD BE DOUBLY HARD, SO...



CAPTAIN GALLANT



THE ARAB
GUERRILLAS
RECOVERED
FROM
THEIR
PANIC...
BUT NOT
IN TIME!
SUDDEN-
LY THE
BUGLES
OF
THE
FRENCH
FOREIGN
LEGION
SOUNDED
THE
'CHARGE'
AND...



CAPTAIN GALLANT



Captain

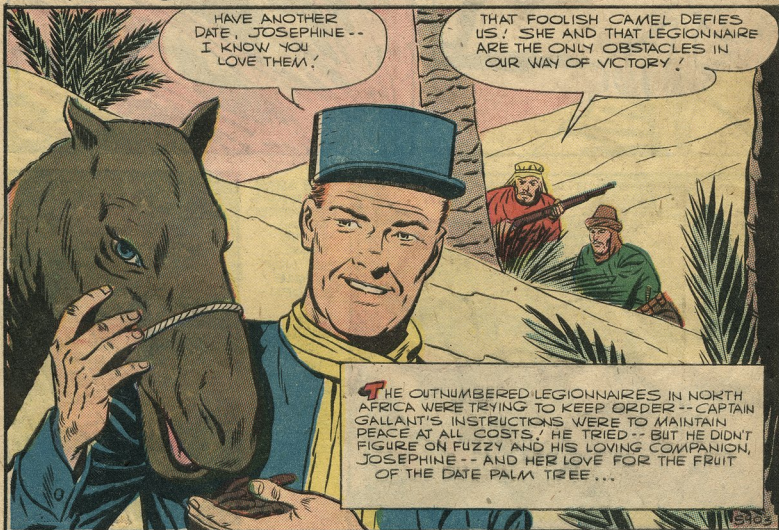
GALLANT

of the

Foreign Legion

100

JOSEPHINE'S LAST DATE



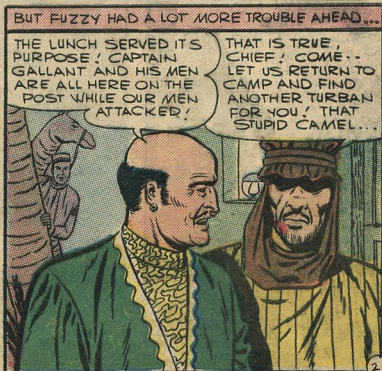
CAPTAIN GALLANT WAS ENJOYING A PERIOD OF COMPARATIVE PEACE...IN FACT, HE WAS HAVING LUNCH WITH CHIEF IBN FASAM WHEN JOSEPHINE'S APPETITE BEGAN TO GET DIFFICULT...



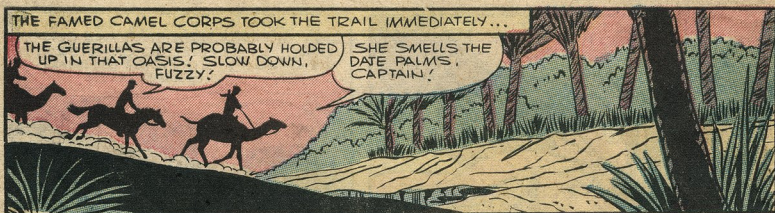
CAPTAIN GALLANT



BUT JOSEPHINE'S NOTORIOUS APPETITE FOR DATES INTERFERED BEFORE SHE COULD BE STOPPED. SHE SAW SEVERAL NEW ONES...



CAPTAIN GALLANT



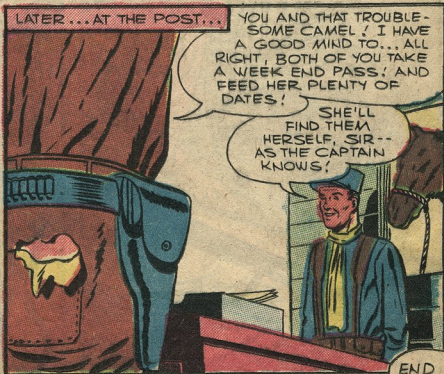
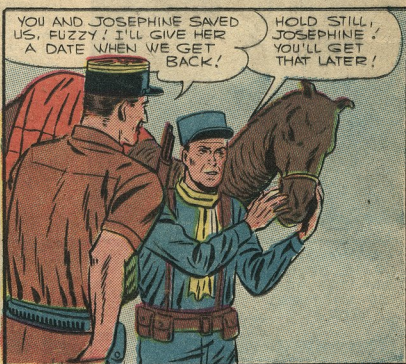
CAPTAIN GALLANT



THE
LEGIONNAIRES
SETTLED
DOWN FOR
THE NIGHT!
UNAWARE
OF THE
AMBUSH
HANGING
OVER
THEIR
HEADS!
ONLY
JOSEPHINE
WAS
REST-
LESS...



CAPTAIN GALLANT



CAPTAIN GALLANT



Captain GALLANT

of the Foreign Legion

OUT OF THE SHADOWS THEY CAME -- THE DANGEROUS HORDE! AND IT WAS DOOM TO THE UNFORTUNATES WHO FACED THEM INSIDE THE ANCIENT WALLED CITY OF

THE SMUGGLER'S COVE



GO! AND NEVER
COME HERE
AGAIN -- LEST
YOUR BONES
ADORN THE TEMPLES
OF MARA-KESH!

YIII! BACK,
BROTHERS!
THIS PLACE
IS ACCURSED!



WE WERE FOR-
TUNATE TO ESCAPE
WITH OUR LIVES!

AY! THERE
HAVE BEEN
OTHERS WHO
HAVE NOT
COME BACK!



THESE COSTUMES
ALWAYS SCARE
THEM AWAY!
THINK THEY'LL
RETURN AGAIN.
ELBAD?

IF ANYONE DOES,
IT WILL FARE BADLY
WITH THEM, I
ASSURE YOU!

CAPTAIN GALLANT

HOURS LATER, INSIDE THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE COMMANDANT OF THE FOREIGN LEGION...

BUT WE SAW WITH OUR OWN EYES, COMMANDANT! THERE ARE DEVILS IN OUR ANCIENT WALLED-CITY! LEGENDS HAVE SAID THAT SUCH WOULD APPEAR WHEN FAMINE WALKS OUR LANDS!

NONSENSE!



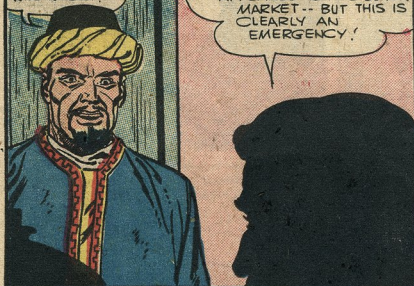
I'M SURPRISED THAT GREAT MERCHANTS SUCH AS YOU WOULD BE FRIGHTENED INTO SUCH SUPERSTITIOUS HALLUCINATION!

NEVERTHELESS--YOU MUST AID US IN SOLVING THIS MYSTERY!



YES-- OTHERWISE OUR POPULACE WILL TAKE MATTERS INTO THEIR OWN HANDS AND BLOODSHED WILL RESULT!

WE HAVE MORE IMPORTANT MATTERS TO CONSIDER NOW-- SUCH AS SMUGGLED MEDICINALS AND DRUGS THAT HAVE MYSTERIOUSLY APPEARED ON THE BLACK MARKET-- BUT THIS IS CLEARLY AN EMERGENCY!



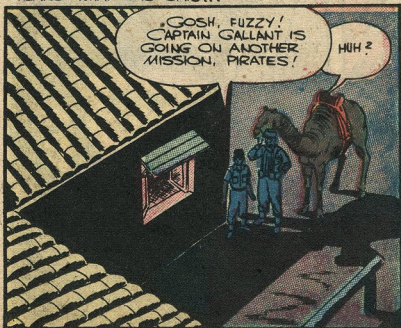
GET ME CAPTAIN GALLANT ON THE WESTERN SECTOR OF THE ALIBI DESERT! HURRY!



MEANWHILE, OTHER INTERESTED EARS HAVE HEARD WHAT WAS SAID...

GOSH, FUZZY! CAPTAIN GALLANT IS GOING ON ANOTHER MISSION, PIRATES!

HUH?

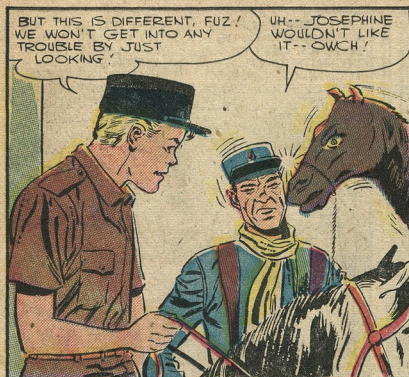


DON'T YOU SEE, FUZZY? WE'LL GET TO HELP THE CAPTAIN AGAIN! THE ANCIENT WALLED-CITY OF MARA-KESH IS JUST A FEW MILES AWAY!

OH, NO YOU DON'T! I'M STILL NOT FORGETTING MABUD SALIM AND HIS BUNCH!



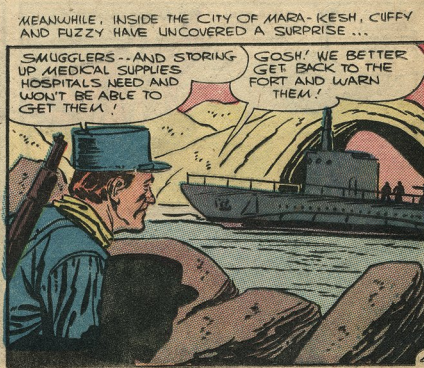
CAPTAIN GALLANT



MEANWHILE ON THE FAR DESERT FRONT, CAPTAIN GALLANT HAS HIS HANDS FULL AGAINST STUBBORN RENEGADES...



CAPTAIN GALLANT

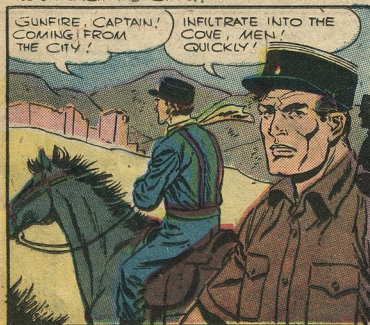


CAPTAIN GALLANT

BUT FATE PLAYS THEM A LOSING HAND...



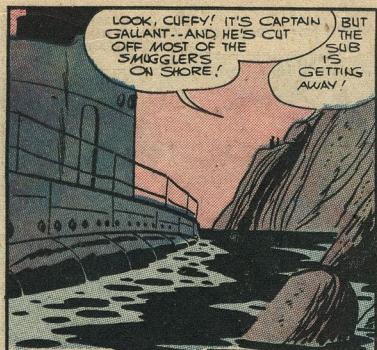
BUT CAPTAIN GALLANT AND HIS LEGIONNAIRES NOW REACH THE CITY...



FIGHTING THEIR WAY INSIDE, THE BRAVE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE FACES...



CAPTAIN GALLANT



LOOK, CUFFY! IT'S CAPTAIN GALLANT--AND HE'S CUT OFF MOST OF THE SMUGGLERS ON SHORE!

BUT THE SUB IS GETTING AWAY!



GIVE ME A HAND, FUZZY! I'VE GOT AN IDEA!

IF IT'S WHAT I THINK IT IS, WE'LL NEVER DO IT!



WE CAN TRY!

BUT NOT WITHOUT HELP! COME HERE, JOSEPHINE!



UGH!! IT'S MOVING!

AND HERE COMES THE SUB!



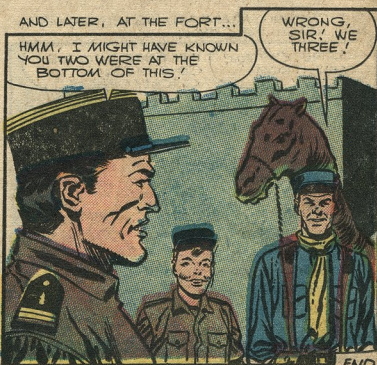
KERPLOW!



AND MOMENTS LATER...

COME UP WITH YOUR HANDS UP!

WE OBEY! DON'T SHOOT!



AND LATER, AT THE FORT...

HMM, I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN YOU TWO WERE AT THE BOTTOM OF THIS!

WRONG, SIR! WE THREE!

"Elimination by Appointment"

The small toy store was located on a side street off the Main Avenue of the City. There were a few items in the window and a sign bearing the legend: "Wholesale Only." Now and then a person would stop and look into the window merely out of sheer curiosity. This time a well dressed man opened the door and entered. It was difficult to tell his age. His skin was white and lineless. He might have been in either his early thirties or forties. Off-hand you would be ready to comment that he must have led a life of ease. You could not spot the superbly trained athletic body that could spring into action in the fraction of a second. The man walked to the end of the store. A middle-aged clerk was dusting imaginary dust from a glass shelf.

"I am interested in toy typewriters," remarked the entrant, "especially the kind that writes down, sixty words per second."

There was no betrayal by any facial movement of the clerk, that was being said sounded like sheer nonsense. Instead he replied.

"You'll have to see Mr. Jackson, our import manager. We have not received our shipment of that item as yet." The clerk then pressed a signal button. The man walked, without hesitation, to a door which opened. Behind a desk was a thin man reading a book.

"Agent V?" he asked in a tone that told he knew the answer would be in the affirmative.

"Ready for action, sir," was the reply.

An entire section of the back wall moved aside and the two men entered a large room. The wall closed behind them. There were approximately thirty people in that room, all busy reading a variety reports. For this was the secret headquarters of our United Intelligence Division!

"You will have to move quickly," said the thin man who was none other than Colonel Geoffrey Phelps. "There is a plot to kill President Juan Ramos. As you well know, Martin Novez, the ex-President of that South American republic, has been living in this city. With him

was his trusted friend and companion, General Rudolfo Valesquez. General Valesquez died last night in City Hospital from five bullet wounds. As far as we can figure out, he was involved in a plot to overthrow the government of President Ramos. He thought he would be doing his friend, the ex-President, a favor. But at the last moment, he discovered it was really a Communist plan to kill the President and put the blame on the United States. A trained killer from Moscow was ordered to do the job. Your orders are to prevent that killer from doing his assigned task. And if possible to expose it for what it really is --- a Red plot to gain power in South America."

"What identity shall I assume?" asked Agent V.

"You will become Arthur W. Beal, head of Beal Oil Industries and part owner of Trans-Latino Airways. Here are your credentials and passport. Upon your arrival you will contact General Domingo Petrez. A plane bound for South America is being held up pending your arrival at the airfield. The hostess, an attractive brunette is one of our operatives. Good luck to you, Agent V."

The passengers in the plane were all irritated at the delay.

"There is absolutely no excuse for keeping us here so long," scolded a middle-aged man. "We should have been air-borne two hours ago. We will be late arriving at Ciudad Sabina. I have important business there."

"We will arrive on schedule," explained the hostess. "We shall travel at top speed. Our normal cruising range is only half of our top speed."

"He must be a very important man to keep us all waiting," said a pretty blond slim young lady.

"He is Mr. Arthur W. Beal, head of Beal Oil Industries and part owner of this airways. I guess that makes him my boss, Miss Sheppard."

"I hope he sits next to me," replied the

young lady. "I need a man with influence. My magazine has sent me to South America to do a story about President Juan Ramos and his policy of social reform. Someone with pull could make it easier for me."

"As it so happens, he has the seat next to you and I guess that's a lucky break for you," replied the hostess. "To tell you the truth, I wouldn't mind changing positions with you right now."

A speeding car drove across the airfield and stopped next to the plane. Mr. Arthur W. Beal jumped out of his car. The chauffeur followed with a brief case and two small valises.

"Good flying weather, Mr. Beal," remarked the chauffeur as he deposited the valises and brief case in the safe keeping of the hostess.

"About time he got here," snapped the middle-aged man. "I bet they would never hold the plane for me."

Mr. Arthur W. Beal sat down in his seat to catch his breath. He closed his eyes as the plane taxied down the field and started to gain altitude. About half-an-hour later, the hostess came over and introduced the pretty young lady seated next to him.

"I asked for this introduction," said Helen Sheppard. "And, I must confess, there is a mercenary reason behind it. If I get a good story and swell pictures of the president, there is a fat bonus for me. So I am honest in my motives."

"I think that can be arranged," replied Arthur Beal. "When we get to Ciudad Sabina, stop at the Hotel Metropol. All big shots, to use a bit of American slang, stay at the hotel. I'll arrange introductions for you."

The plane arrived at its destination on schedule. The pilot had pushed it to its utmost speed. The last to leave the plane was Arthur W. Beal who listened to the hostess.

"I couldn't spot anyone suspicious, unless it was that middle-aged man who calls himself Frederick Baxton. He's wearing a shoulder holster. I had a code message sent by our navigator so that Mr. Baxton is being tailed continuously. Any orders, Agent V?"

"Return to home base on this plane. You have finished your specific assignment."

President Juan Ramos wasn't a bit pleased to hear the news Agent V brought him. But neither was he disturbed.

"This will be the fifteenth attempt to assassinate me," he commented. "I am very grateful to you, Mr. Beal, and to the Government of the United States for wanting to

protect me. What precautions have you taken, to insure my safety, General Petrez?"

There was definitely a worried look upon the face of the head of the armed forces of the nation.

"We are tripping your bodyguard Sir. In addition you will wear the bulletproof vest. It may be warm and uncomfortable but it will protect you."

"Why can't one of your inventors figure out an air-conditioned bulletproof vest?" grinned President Ramos.

For the next three days, Arthur W. Beal did a lot of sightseeing in the city. His pretty companion was always the same girl, Helen Sheppard. She was always taking various pictures.

"I sell them in the free lance market," she explained. "And pick up some extra cash that way."

"Tomorrow evening there is a presidential banquet. And I have an invitation for you, if you'll sit next to me," he told her.

"Thanks a million," she smiled back. "And the condition is accepted."

"I may have a big story for you if things break right. A certain man is being watched day and night by the secret police in this city," he added.

The banquet had been in progress two hours. The photographers were now taking pictures. Helen Sheppard rose, taking with her, the big press camera at her side. She stood in front of the President then it happened! Arthur W. Beal made one quick dash, and threw the camera out of her hand.

"Is the Americano crazy?" asked one of the guests.

The girl was quickly seized by members of the bodyguard and taken to another room. Arthur Beal opened the camera and took out a machine gun pistol, which he examined carefully.

"Loaded with explosive bullets," was all he said.

Later, after the girl confessed that she was a special secret agent sent on this mission of assassination, President Juan Ramos asked but one question.

"What made you suspicious at the last moment?"

"In your poorly lit room, and with all the haze of smoke, she was going to take a picture of you-- without a flashlight!"

"Now I know why they call you Agent V," replied the President, "V for Victory, the Victory of Democracy over Red Tyranny."

THE END

CAPTAIN GALLANT

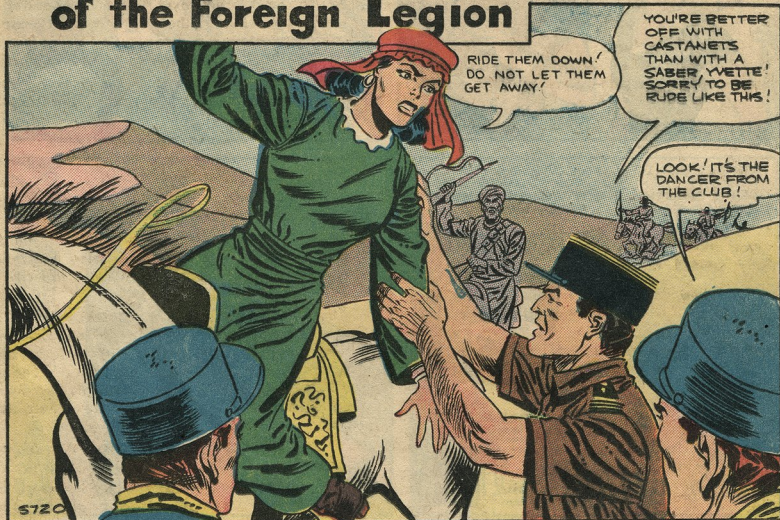


Captain GALLANT

of the Foreign Legion

AFTER A TOUGH CAMPAIGN IN THE NORTHERN FOOTHILLS THE LEGIONNAIRES WERE OUT FOR FUN AND RELAXATION! THEY FOUND BOTH IN THE NEWLY OPENED FLAME CLUB! IT SEEMED MADE TO ORDER FOR LEGIONNAIRES WITH LITTLE MONEY AND BIG APPETITES! BUT IT TOOK CAPTAIN GALLANT TO LEARN WHY HIS MEN WERE SO WELL TREATED ---

DANCING DANGER



RIDE THEM DOWN!
DO NOT LET THEM
GET AWAY!

YOU'RE BETTER
OFF WITH
CASTANETS
THAN WITH A
SABER, YVETTE!
SORRY TO BE
RUDE LIKE THIS!

LOOK! IT'S THE
DANCER FROM
THE CLUB!

THE GUERRILLAS HAD BEEN DRIVEN INTO THE HILLS AND CAPTAIN GALLANT NOTICED THAT THE MEN WERE TAKING IT EASY AND UNUSUALLY HAPPY!

GOOD MORNING, MEN!
YOU ALL LOOK CHEER-
FUL!

GOOD MORNING,
SIR! WE ALL HAD
A GOOD TIME AT
THE FLAME CLUB
LAST NIGHT!

WE GET SPECIAL PRICES ON
EVERYTHING! REAL CHEAP!
AND THE MAM'SELLE WHO
DANCES THERE, OWNS THE
PLACE! SHE'S WONDERFUL,
'CAPTAIN'!

HMM! I'M
TEMPTED TO
DROP IN MYSELF!
MAYBE I'LL
SEE YOU
THERE!

CAPTAIN GALLANT

THAT EVENING---

YOU MUS' BE ZE CAPTAIN GALLANT! I HAVE A SPECIAL TABLE FOR YOU!

THANK YOU MAM'SELLE! I HAVE HEARD OF YOU, I THINK!



MAM'SELLE DUBOIS TELLS ME THAT YOU GENTLEMEN ARE HER GUESTS TONIGHT! AND TOMORROW NIGHT SHE WILL HAVE A PARTY FOR ALL OF YOU!

CAN'T MAKE IT, CUTIE! WE ARE RIDING NORTH AFTER THE GUERILLAS!



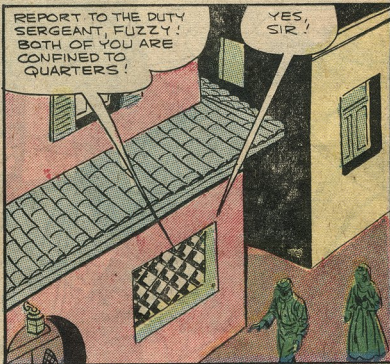
NORTH? BUT I THOUGHT THEY WERE SOUTH OF HERE!

THEY SPREAD THAT RUMOR THEMSELVES! BUT WE KNOW WHERE THEY ARE!



REPORT TO THE DUTY SERGEANT, FUZZY! BOTH OF YOU ARE CONFINED TO QUARTERS!

YES, SIR!



THE INCIDENT WAS SEEN BY YVETTE! SHE INTERCEDED BUT---

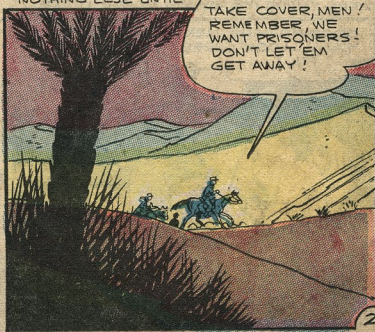
THEY MEANT NO HARM, M'SIEUR! AND WHAT THEY SAY WON'T BE REPEATED!

I'LL DECIDE THAT, LADY! I'VE GOT TO GO!

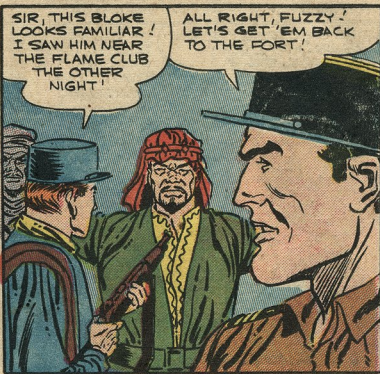


CAPTAIN GALLANT LED THE SMALL PATROL-- FINDING TRACES OF THE GUERILLAS BUT NOTHING ELSE UNTIL--

TAKE COVER, MEN! REMEMBER, WE WANT PRISONERS! DON'T LET 'EM GET AWAY!



CAPTAIN GALLANT



BACK AT THE FORT---

THEY WON'T ADMIT IT, CUFFY, BUT THEY EXPECTED US. THERE'S AN INFORMATION LEAK SOMEWHERE!

MAYBE WHEN THE LEGIONNAIRES GO TO THE FLAME CLUB, THEY TALK AMONG THEMSELVES AND---



THAT'S WHAT I THINK! PASS THE WORD FOR THE SER-GEANTS TO ASSEMBLE!

YES, SIR!



HAVE THE MEN READY FOR PATROL IN THE MORNING! WE'RE HEADING FOR THE GUERRILLA CAMP AT THE OASIS! AND LET THE MEN OUT ON PASS TONIGHT!

RIGHT, SIR! THEY ARE RARIN' TO GO, SIR!



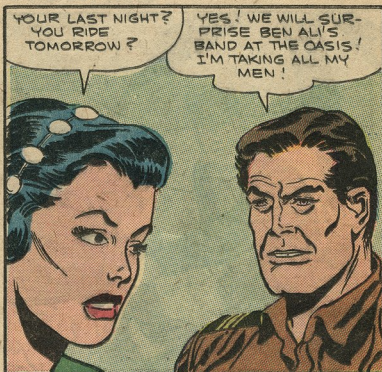
THAT NIGHT, THE FLAME CLUB WAS JUMPING---

WE'LL FIND OUT NOW! IF THIS WORKS, THE GUERRILLAS'LL TAKE A WALLOPING!

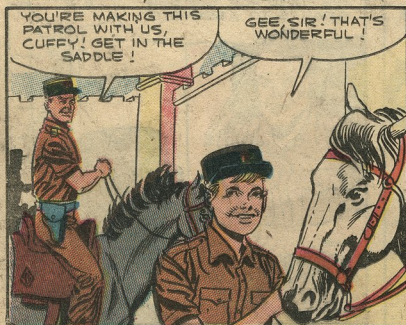


CAPTAIN GALLANT

AFTER YVETTE FINISHED THE DANCE ---



THE LEGIONNAIRES WERE READY FOR THEIR DESERT RIDE, EARLY THE NEXT MORNING!



CAPTAIN GALLANT

WHAT IS IT, SIR?
WHY DID WE
COME OUT HERE
ON A USELESS
TRIP?

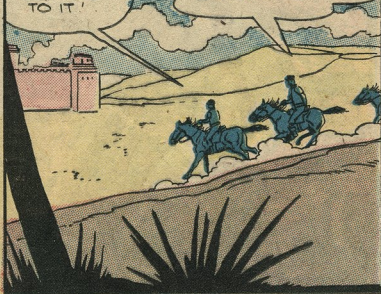
THE GUERILLAS THINK WE
WILL KEEP LOOKING FOR
THEM! BUT WE DON'T
HAVE TO! I KNOW
WHERE THEY ARE
IN OUR FORT!



THE RIDE BACK WAS MADE IN HALF THE TIME!

LOOK, SIR,
THEY'VE
SET FIRE
TO IT!

THAT'S EASILY FIXED, CUFFY!
DROP BACK AND DON'T STOP
ANY BULLETS!



SPLIT THE MEN! YOU TAKE
HALF AGAINST THE FRONT
IN A FEINT--I'LL USE THE
TUNNEL FROM THE HILL!

'RIGHT, SIR!
DON'T FOR-
GET THE
GATE--WE
WANT SOME
FUN
TOO!



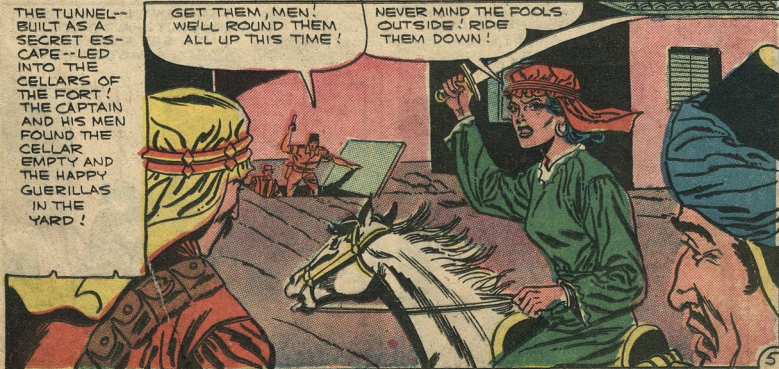
COME ON, LADS!
THEY CAN'T
GET OUT BUT
WE CAN GET
IN!



THE TUNNEL--
BUILT AS A
SECRET ES-
CAPE--LED
INTO THE
CELLARS OF
THE FORT!
THE CAPTAIN
AND HIS MEN
FOUND THE
CELLAR EMPTY
AND THE HAPPY
GUERILLAS
IN THE
YARD!

GET THEM, MEN!
WE'LL ROUND THEM
ALL UP THIS TIME!

NEVER MIND THE FOOLS
OUTSIDE! RIDE
THEM DOWN!



CAPTAIN GALLANT



DON'T HURT THE GIRL! I'LL TAKE CARE OF HER!



SO YOU KNOW! IT WILL DO YOU NO GOOD!

MAYBE NOT-- BUT THE PLACE YOU RUN WILL BE OUT OF BUSINESS--



THE TRAPPED RAIDERS FOUGHT DESPERATELY! BUT THEY WERE PENNED IN BY TOUGH LEGIONNAIRES ON BOTH SIDES OF THE WALL!

YOU TRAPPED US-- BUT YOU WILL PAY WITH YOUR--

TAKE IT EASY, YVETTE I'LL TAKE THAT BREADSLICER BEFORE YOU CUT YOURSELF!



I AM ARAB! I WAS EDUCATED IN FRANCE! I AM MARRIED TO ARABIAN CHIEF! I GO TO PRISON, NO?

NO! YOU'LL BE SENT TO YOUR TRIBE! WE HAVE EVERYTHING UNDER CONTROL HERE, THANKS TO YOU!



YOU LETTING THEM GO, SIR? ISN'T THAT DANGEROUS?

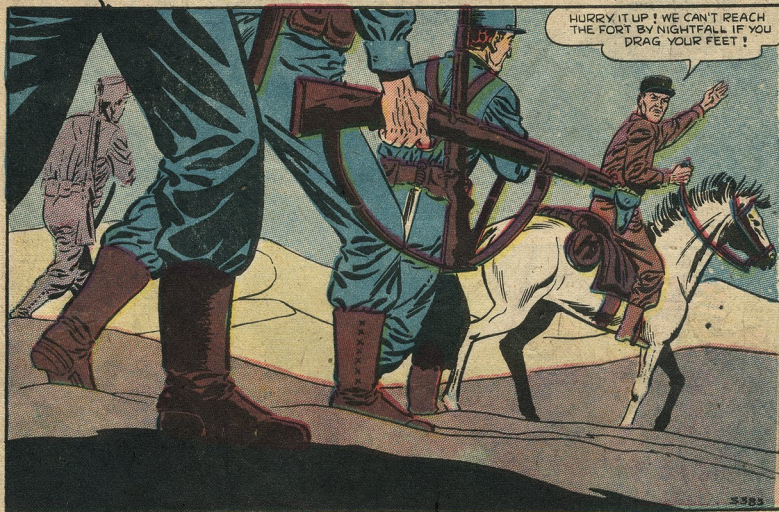
NO! OTHERS WON'T BE SO ANXIOUS TO JOIN THE GUERRILLAS AFTER THIS!

THE END

CAPTAIN GALLANT

SIX MEN AND A DESERT OF NO-RETURN THAT FACED THEM. EACH WITH A HOPE AND A DREAM, BUT NO WAY TO WIN IT. YET THERE HAD TO BE AN ESCAPE FROM ---

The LOST PATROL



BUT THE MEN OF THE DESERT PATROL HAD SINCE GIVEN UP ALL HOPE OF RETURNING ---

HE IS CRAZY, AMI! WE ARE LOST--LOST IN THIS DESERT!

PATIENCE, LEGARE! PERHAPS HE **WILL** GET US BACK SAFELY!



HAH! PERHAPS THE SUN WILL TURN INTO AN OCEAN OF COOL, REFRESHING WATER! FAIRY TALES ARE FOR CHILDREN, NORMAND!

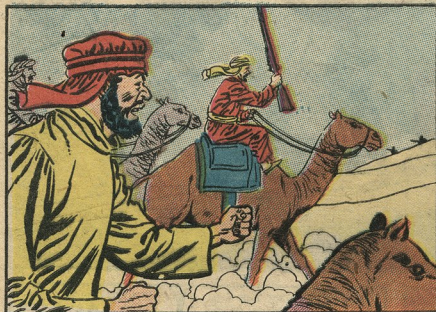
THE LIEUTENANT IS CAPABLE, PESSIMIST! WE ARE NOT TOO FAR FROM THE FORT. I CAN SENSE THIS!



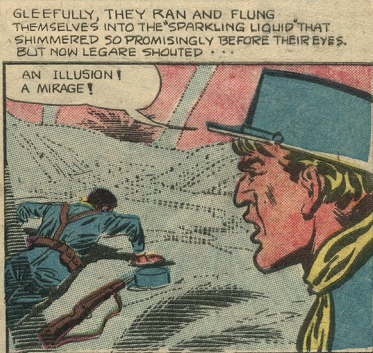
CAPTAIN GALLANT



FOR NOW THERE WOULD BE NO QUARTER ASKED--AND NONE GIVEN ! THE SWIFT RIDERS BORE DOWN ON THEIR ENEMY--



CAPTAIN GALLANT



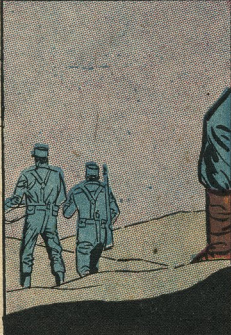
CAPTAIN GALLANT

HAVING QUIETED HIS MEN, LEGARE, REFLECTED THAT ASIDE FROM THIRST AND HUNGER, THEY ARE ALSO WEARY AND TIRED SO...

WE ARE FORCED TO DO WITHOUT FOOD AND WATER BUT NOT OUR COMMON SENSE... WE MUST REST AND COMPOSE OURSELVES, RESERVE EVERY OUNCE OF STRENGTH FOR ONE THING ONLY... STRENGTH TO GO ON!!



HOURS LATER, THE WEARY ONES LEFT THE HEAT OF DAY AND MOVED AWAY INTO THE NIGHT



NIGHT BROUGHT BRIEF RESPIRE. THEN MORNING FOUND THEM FIGHTING A RAGING SAND STORM...

HOLD ON TO EACH OTHER'S SCABBARDS! DON'T LET GO-- WHATEVER YOU DO!



HOW LONG CAN WE ENDURE? WE MUST FIND OUR WAY SOON--OR WE ARE DOOMED!



THEN SLOWLY--THE STORM DIED DOWN WHILE THE EDDY CURRENTS OF SWIRLING SAND SETTLED ONCE MORE. BUT NOW CAME TRAGIC NEWS!

MY SCABBARD IS GONE! GORDON WAS HOLDING ON TO IT. IT MUST HAVE SLIPPED LOOSE FROM MY BELT DURING THE STORM!



THE MEN STIRRED UNEASILY, EACH READING THE OTHER'S THOUGHTS. THEN GORDON'S CLOSE FRIEND, MONTEN--BROKE LOOSE

HE'S OUT THERE--ALONE! HE WON'T HAVE A CHANCE! I'M GOING AFTER HIM!

NO! HE'S GONE NOW! YOU'LL STAY HERE WITH US! IT'S IMPOSSIBLE FOR US TO FIND HIM AGAIN!



WHAT'S THE USE OF TRYING TO FIND OUR WAY HOME?

BY MY RIFLE--I VOW WE'LL REACH SAFETY! THE DESERT WILL NOT HAVE US YET!



CAPTAIN GALLANT



WHILE LEGARE WHO HAD EXAMINED THE TENTS



CAPTAIN GALLANT

THE FOUR TURNED TO THE WEST... HOPING FOR RELIEF THERE. BUT AFTER WALKING ENDLESS MILES, THEY CAME TO A JUNGLE.

NO! WE MUST BACK TRACK, AMIS! THOSE SAVAGES ARE HOSTILE!



BUT NOW THE SCREAMING, FRENZIED HORDE WERE UPON THEM, AND TWO OF THE BRAVE MEN FELL!

MOTEN HAS RECEIVED A POISON-DART!

FIGHT THEM! IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE!



FOR TWENTY HAIR-RAISING MINUTES, THE TWO LEGIONNAIRES FOUGHT OFF THE WILD MEN! THEN...

THEY'RE RUNNING AWAY, ESPINO! WE'VE WON!



BUT NOW LEGARE LOOKED DOWN TO FIND...

I'M DONE FOR, FRIEND. LEAVE ME. GO ON... AHEAD!

ESPINO! YOU'RE WOUNDED! COME---I'LL HELP YOU TO YOUR FEET!



SO BEGAN THE JOURNEY THAT WAS TO BE HERALDED FAR AND WIDE THROUGH ALL OF AFRICA. CARRYING HIS FRIEND ON HIS SHOULDERS, LEGARE SET OUT BACK THROUGH THE DESERT.

WE'LL REACH SAFETY! YOU'LL SEE...



... SAFETY--!



CAPTAIN GALLANT

WHILE NIGHT BROUGHT MERCIFUL BUT
TOO BRIEF OBLIVION ...

TOMORROW WE'LL
FIND SAFETY ...



I TRIED ESPINO! I TRIED!



LEGARE'S HAT, BLOWN HITHER AND YON BY THE WAILING
WINDS, WAS CARRIED A SHORT-DISTANCE, WHEN ...

--A LEGIONNAIRE'S HAT!
SERGEANT-- SOUND TROOP ALERT!
THERE MAY BE LOST MEN NEARBY!

OUI, MON CAPITAN!



AND HOURS AFTERWARDS ...

THIS ONE IS STILL
ALIVE TOO!

IT IS A
MIRACLE!
CARRY THEM
BACK TO THE FORT
--GENTLY!



AND AT THE FORT HOSPITAL WHEN LEGARE WAS
STRONG ENOUGH TO SPEAK ...

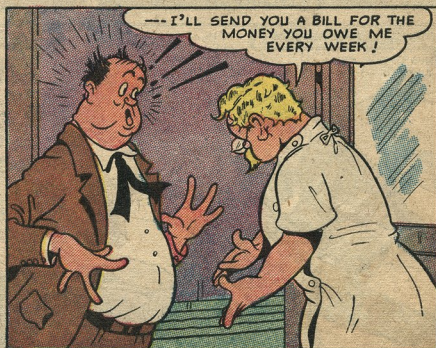
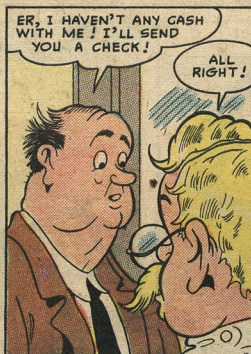
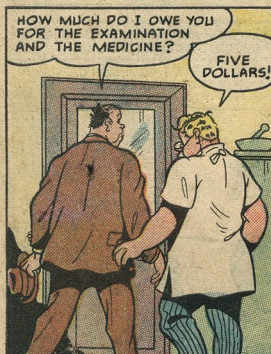
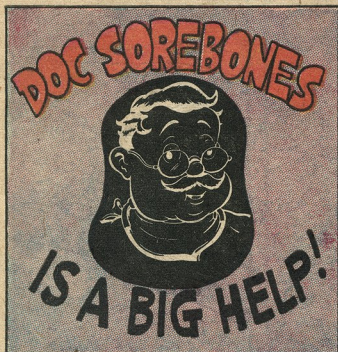
CONSIDER YOUR-
SELF FORTUNATE,
LEGIONNAIRE
LEGARE. YOUR
PATROL COVERED
TWO HUNDRED
MILES IN TRACK-
LESS DESERT!
AND YOU TWO
HAVE LIVED!

IT IS THE WILL OF
THE LEGION,
DOCTOR--ALSO--
THE WILL OF
GOD!



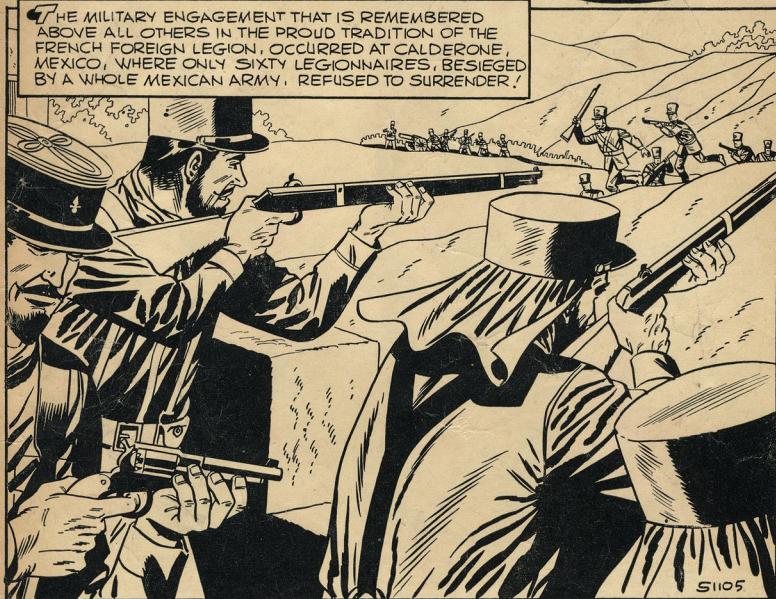
THE END

CAPTAIN GALLANT



The AMAZING Legion

THE MILITARY ENGAGEMENT THAT IS REMEMBERED ABOVE ALL OTHERS IN THE PROUD TRADITION OF THE FRENCH FOREIGN LEGION, OCCURRED AT CALDERONE, MEXICO, WHERE ONLY SIXTY LEGIONNAIRES, BESIEGED BY A WHOLE MEXICAN ARMY, REFUSED TO SURRENDER!



THIS IS THE INSCRIPTION ON THE MONUMENT AT CALDERONE...

THEY WERE HERE,
LESS THAN SIXTY
OPPOSED TO A WHOLE
ARMY.
ITS MASS CRUSHED
THEM
LIFE, RATHER THAN
COURAGE
ABANDONED THE
FRENCH SOLDIERS.
THE 30th APRIL, 1863

OFFICERS OF THE
LEGION
ARE
CHOSEN ONLY FROM
THE TOP
MEN IN
THE GRAD-
UATING CLASSES
OF ST.
CYR--
WHICH IS
THE FRENCH
EQUIVALENT
OF OUR
WEST
POINT!



The AMAZING Legion

THERE IS A STANDING ORDER IN THE FRENCH FOREIGN LEGION THAT COULD BE OPERATIVE ONLY IN A MILITARY ORGANIZATION WHERE THE MEN HAVE GREAT FEELING FOR ONE ANOTHER! THAT ORDER READS: NEITHER WOUNDED NOR DEAD MUST EVER BE LEFT IN ENEMY HANDS; THEY MUST BE RETAKEN DESPITE THE COST OF THE COUNTER-ATTACK!



MANY LEGION ENLISTEES ARE WELL-EDUCATED! ONCE, WHEN HELP WAS NEEDED IN THE PLANNING OF AN ADMINISTRATION BUILDING AT SID-BEL-ABBIS, SEVEN LICENSED ARCHITECTS WERE FOUND IN ONE COMPANY!

THE LEGION JOURNAL, 'KEPI BLANC', IS VERY SIMILAR TO THE 'YANK' MAGAZINE PUBLISHED BY AMERICAN TROOPS DURING WORLD WAR II!

